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GREENSBORO, N. C., SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

[WHOLE NO. 240.]

"Pithos."

BY INA CLAYTON.

Pithos fills his fancy meerschaum
From his little silken pouch,
Ere the rosy fingered morning
Rises from its sleepy couch.
Then he dons his satin slippers,
And his fancy dressing-gown,
Seats himself beside the window
While the smoke-wreaths circle round.

And his look of olden story
Precious looks for every woe,
Come he'er till he is weary,
And tired nature bids him go;
Handsome, young and very sanguine,
Is our "Pithos" child,
His smile is like a rosy sunbeam
Flitting over a cloudless sky.

A Song.

BY PETER PEPPER POP, ESQ.

In the bright hour of morning—
The dark night of rest,
My wild thoughts shall wander
To her I love best;
I will not forget thee,
Thou daughter of song,
And the heart in my bosom
Shall sigh for thee long.

They'll ever be near thee,
These stray thoughts of mine,
And whisper their meaning,
Dear spirit to thine;
The low words thus spoken
When words in song—
Are maiden's dear maiden!
I'll sigh for thee long.

A face gently beaming—
A meek, loving eye,
With intellect gleaming,
Shall ever be bright;
As I gaze on the vision,
I'll sing that wild song—
Dear maiden! dear maiden!
I'll sigh for thee long.

CONSEQUENCES—A TALE.

BY FIRE-FLY.

Start not back, gentle reader, with sad
thoughts of a philosophic discourse, as you
hear my ominous subject. The treatment of
it I leave to wiser heads than mine, while I
only beg you patiently listen to a simple tale
written by no artistic pen, in illustration of
that good old adage "Think before you act."

Loretto watering place is a small village
situated on a narrow strip of land, which ex-
tends from the southern point of one of our At-
lantic states, far along the coast of its neigh-
bor. On one side lies the boundless Atlantic
in all its solemn majesty, on the other an in-
land sound stretches its wide expanse, its usu-
ally placid waters affording a striking contrast
to Old Ocean's heaving bosom; a range of
sand-hills occupies the middle of this strip,
covered with the lofty pine and humble dwarf-
oak which alone can gather nourishment from
its arid soil. Beneath their rugged boughs,
warped and twisted into fantastic shapes by
the raging sea-storms, the sun's genial rays
scarce ever penetrate; for a wild luxuriance
of vines, of every size and form, matt together
their branches overhead, shutting out effectually
his hottest beams. Suddenly the hills be-
come smaller, the trees are scattered at wider
intervals and the straggling houses here and
there show that we are drawing near some
more civilized region. 'Tis true, gentle
reader, for Loretto itself is at hand. Let us
imagine ourselves for a moment on that steam-
er, so gracefully approaching the pier-head
and cast our eye over the scene spread out be-
fore us. The sound which was somewhat
contracted above, here expands into a noble
bay whose waters afford a delightful sheet to
those who take pleasure in a pull at the oar,
a sail with dame nature as propeller, or are
piscatorially inclined. Their brackish taste
already tells of the Atlantic's proximity; nor
is that the only indication we have, for the
refreshing sea-breeze already begins to invig-
orate our languid frames and drive away the
oppressive stupor caused by the heat of a sum-
mer's day. Already the sea-gull, with pinions
wide extended, can be seen circling in mid-
air or pouncing on its prey which sports in the
water below, while the shrill cry of the cur-
lew and the whistle of the willet resound in
our ear. In vain we look for Loretto; naught
can we see but a long pier reaching hundreds
of yards into the water, a low range of hills
rising up from the beach in a gently sloping

ascent, and in the distance vast mountains of
pure white sand, looking like the grand old
castles of fairy tale, the sun-beams glancing
on their silvery tops. A closer examination,
however, shows numerous dwellings peeping
out among the trees, picturesquely grouped in
the valleys or interspersed amid the hills.—
Such is Loretto, the scene of my story. It is
much frequented during "the season" and is
quite a pleasant place at which to spend those
terribly hot "dog days" when one feels so
utterly incapable of anything save enjoying
one's self. Its greatest attraction is its magnifi-
cent surf bathing; but to this are added many
others still more alluring to the young and gay.
It is upon "the hills" that the elite of the so-
ciety is to be found, where you can meet fair
maids and gallant beaux, generous dames and
hospitable sires in rich profusion. Heart of
stone must he possess who can go in and out
among them, and not breathe into beauty's
ear the tale of love. I am almost tempted,
gentle reader, to give up my first intention
and relate some of the more historic legends
and thrilling traditions which still linger in
the memory of its inhabitants. What say you
to it? 'Tis true we think of history generally
as very dry and uninteresting, but legend, dear
reader, and tradition,—is there not a charm in
the very words? Do they not speak to you of
mystery but half revealed—of gloomy tragedy
darkly hinted at and unexplained? Do they
not remind you of your childhood's happy
days, when you stood with eye distended and
mouth agape beside your nurse's knee, and
felt your little limbs shake beneath you—your
heart beat low in dread, as she spoke "of the
old man who lived in the brown house and
went away one night—where none could tell?"
of "the beautiful maiden that was drowned in
the spring under the old oak tree?" or of the
fair creature who used to walk by moonlight
through the chestnut grove, then vanish into
air? All this, you say, ought to have been
omitted! How could I forget my early train-
ing and pass by these venerable relics of by-
gone days, with all the sanctity and dust of
age upon them, these solemn heir-looms of our
fathers,—without a reverential nod or at least
a kindly greeting? *

'Twas evening at Loretto! The sun whose
rays had been oppressing the earth for long
long hours, was rapidly sinking behind the
western hills. How lovely was the scene!
His beams, lingering over Old Ocean's waves,
formed a glowing track as though some fiery
monster had just rushed along its surface.—
The vast waters reached away on every side,
dotted here and there by the white sail of some
adventurous mariner, as his gallant barque
sped on her way to the distant port. The sun-
light played around a group assembled on a
pleasant piazza, as if loathe to turn away from
so much beauty. It consisted of a Dr. Har-
court, a most worthy member of that little
community, his family and many visitors came
to bid them adieu, for they were to leave on
their way to their inland home. His family?
Ah, you know not how deep a meaning those
words contain; 'tis true it consisted only of
three persons, but glance, my dear sir, for a
moment (as if one could ever look away!) at
that fair girl leaning so gracefully against the
massive pillar; see that perfect figure, that
charming countenance with love and gentle-
ness beaming in every feature; those golden
locks streaming in rich profusion over her
shoulders, the sun-beams casting their soft-
ening influence, lending their mild radiance to
all—just like those rich, old, Italian paintings,
so soft and mellow in their shades! Surely
Mahomet ne'er imaged forth a houri more
beautiful; the proud Turk's harem can fur-
nish none like her; yet her beauty like,
"That loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft, shadowy days;
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
Now melting in mists, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of Heaven in dreams."

Do you wonder now at the number of youths
who visit the kind Doctor? "All went merrily
as a marriage bell;" the shadow of the young
coming parting had not yet reached their young
hearts; and they had forgotten in their joyous
converse and merry laugh, how soon they
were to say "Farewell."

Now Clara Harcourt, though all were ready
to vow her a very angel on earth, still pos-
sessed some of those qualities peculiar to our
earthly angels, and none delighted more than

she to play the tyrant over the devotees at her
shrine; many a hot and dreary walk had she
caused her ardent admirers in quest of some
favorite flower or sea shell; and she actually
made one climb up that tall and knotty old
tree—just peeping over the sand-hill—to get
a piece of mistletoe, which another moment
saw promptly decking the crest of a happy ri-
val! She was in one of "her moods" that
evening, for in a slight pause of the conver-
sation, glancing her bright eyes around she
carelessly asked, "who wished to oblige her
then?" The result was that four young men,
ambitious of the honor, were soon bound for
an island some five miles distant in search of
some grapes for their fair tormentress. In vain
the kind father remonstrated; go they would,
and let us leave the merry circle to follow
them on their way. Their preparations were
quickly made; a few moments passed and they
were standing ready equipped for their
trip by the side of their staunch little craft—
To step on board and take in the anchor, was
the work of an instant and then—they were
gone. Their boat was swift and strong, and
their hearts beat high with exultation as they
bounced over the waves!

I have said 'twas a lovely evening, but,
though all was yet calm and beautiful, the ex-
perienced eye could soon have detected the
signs of a rising storm. A dark and ominous
cloud was gathering in the north-east, which
threatened speedily to change the fair scene;
a deep, continued moan might be heard, the
sea-gull lamenting the fell destruction wrought
by his means. As when the loved one of some
fond family delights them all by her sweet
gaiety and winning ways, the physician turns
away in sickness, knowing that soon their joy
must become grief, that merry laugh be hushed
and beaming face be hid forever in the
grave by some latent malady!

They have reached the island on which is
the object of their search; again they breast
the waves. 'Tis night—the wind howls—the
ocean is one sheet of phosphorescent foam—
their boat quivers and staggers beneath every
blast—the billows tower on every side and
sink in awful chasms around—the lightning
flashes "painting Hell in the sky." Their
stout hearts beat quick with anxiety—and
well they may! Their only hope is in scud-
ding before the gale. There is a lull—hope
visits again each bosom; a silent grasp is
given; but alas! it returns with redoubled
fury. Their brave boat is filling; coats and
boots are thrown off; she sinks—she sinks—
she is gone! A wild shriek is heard above
the raging tempest—and now, oh God! where
are they? The eddying waters roll fiercely
on, the surging winds blow furiously, the
storm bill darts over the boiling abyss and
her shrill cry is their requiem!

'Twas the Sabbath at Loretto; sadly tolled
the village church bell; slowly and solemnly
a long procession wound its way towards the
church yard; the gray haired minister walk-
ed with faltering steps before, silent tears
coursing down his furrowed cheeks; four
coffins followed; need I say whose they were?
The mournful service for the departed was
read. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to
earth"—and all was over!

There was grief in Loretto then; sorrow and
gloom shadowed each heart; sounds of mer-
riment were heard no longer in their streets,
their feet no longer sped in the joyous dance;
and all hastened to leave a place filled with
such harrowing recollections. Four families
had been bereft of their pride and joy, four
noble youths had met with a watery grave.—
But why prolong a mournful scene? They
lie buried—and forgotten by all save those
who loved them most. But there is a pale,
shadowy form gliding about the elegant man-
sion of Dr. Harcourt, a living record of their
fate; Clara still awaits the return of her mes-
sengers with an idiot's impatience. Her mind
is lost, her reason gone; her hollow laugh
re-echoes fainter and fainter through her fa-
ther's halls, and she too will soon pass away
and be forgotten! They beckon to her across
the dark waters!

"Julius, why didn't you oblige your stay
at de sea side?" "Kase, Mr Snow, da charge
too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de
landlord charged dis individual wild stealing
de spoons."

The Dying Boy.

BY WILLIE WALK.

I'm dying, mother, dying,
Death's dew is on my brow,
Death's icy fingers I can feel,
Clapping my form even now,
I must leave this world of sorrow,
Leave you, my mother, soon,
And my frail form must rest
Amid the churchyard gloom.

But I am going home, mother,
Where angels wait for me,
Where I can hear them sweetly sing,
And Heaven's glory see;
It will not be so long, mother,
Ere you and I shall meet,
And shout a holy song of praise,
Together, at the Saviour's feet.

I am dying, mother, dying,
The angels hover near,
And now, sweet mother, mother,
I can distinctly hear;
Ah, mother, say goodbye, goodbye,
I cannot see you now,
But by my side an angel stands,
With a halo round her brow.

And now, oh, now I see
A Heaven so fair and bright,
And many little children there,
Clothed in pure robes of white;
I'm dying, mother, dying,
Give me one more fond kiss,
There, now I'm going, mother,
To lands of peace and bliss.

RELIGIOUS WORLD.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.
At a recent meeting in London, the Earl of
Shaftsbury paid the following tribute to the
American missionaries: "I do not believe that
in the whole history of missions, I do not be-
lieve that in the history of diplomacy, or in
the history of any negotiations carried on be-
tween man and man, we can find anything to
equal the wisdom, the soundness and the pure
evangelical truth of the body of men who con-
stitute the American mission. I have said it
twenty times before, and I will say it again, for
the expression appropriately conveys my mean-
ing that 'they are a marvelous combination of
common sense and piety.' Every man who
comes in contact with these missionaries speaks
in praise of them. Persons in authority and
persons in subjection all speak in their favor;
travelers speak well of them; and I know of
no man who has ever been able to bring a sin-
gle valid objection against that body. There
they stand, tested by years, tried by their
works, and exemplified by their fruits; and I
believe it will be found that these American
missionaries have done more toward upholding
truth, and spreading the gospel of Christ in
the East, than any other body of men in this
or any other age."

THE SOUTHERN SYNODS.

By comparing the statistical reports of our
Southern Synods, for the year 1859 and 1860,
it will be seen there has been an increase of
communicants in them all except Alabama.—
In that Synod the decrease is 219.

Synods.	1859.	1860.	Increase.
Baltimore.	10,885	11,410	525
Virginia.	11,128	11,549	421
N. Carolina.	15,053	15,500	447
S. Carolina.	13,074	13,709	635
Georgia.	6,822	7,216	394
Alabama.	6,126	5,906	220
Mississippi.	6,410	6,852	442
Nashville.	3,836	4,177	341
Memphis.	4,769	4,858	89
Kentucky.	9,626	10,126	500
Missouri.	5,197	5,878	681
Upper Missouri.	1,784	2,601	817
Arkansas.	2,902	3,258	356
Texas.	1,583	1,878	295
	99,195	105,039	5,844

The net increase of communicants in these
Synods during the last year is 5,744. The
general increase is encouraging and should
lead to greater efforts on the part of both min-
isters and people, and to more fervent prayer
for a still richer blessing from the great Head
of the Church.—*Cen. Pres.*

LOOK OUT FOR THE "END OF THE WORLD."
The Millerites commenced their religious
services, it is claimed, in North Wilbraham,
Mass. The sect now numbers 50,000 in the
United States and the Canadas, and they gather
in camp-meeting from nearly every State in the
Union. A portion of the brethren look for the
Millennium before the last of March, 1861;
others are confident that the world will last
ten years and two months longer, while others

still predict a universal overthrow in about
sixteen weeks.

RETURN OF A SYRIAN MISSIONARY.

The Boston Traveller says that Rev. J. E.
Frazer, with his lady and two children, were
passengers in the steamship Arabia, which
reached that port from Liverpool on Thursday.
Mr. Frazer was an American missionary of the
Presbyterian branch, and was located at Da-
mascus as a co-laborer with Rev. Mr. Graham,
of the Irish Presbyterian mission. Mr. Frazer
left before the outbreak in that city, and en-
deavored to induce Mr. Graham to accompany
him. This Mr. Graham declined to do, and
was afterwards found murdered in the streets,
being the only missionary who has fallen during
the present disturbances.

BAPTIST IN TENNESSEE.

A gloomy picture of the Baptist Church, in
Tennessee, is given by the editor of the *Bap-
tist Standard*, published at Nashville:

"The Baptist cause," he says, "is in a truly
deplorable condition in the country churches
in this section of the State. The prevalence
of radicalism and of narrow sectarian views
may be traced in their various degrees in the
cold lifelessness of the churches. Where it
prevails in full strength a spiritual apathy has
settled down upon the church. Vitality is lost.
Christian duties are neglected. A brother re-
cently remarked to us that he could at once
tell a church in which these views had obtained
footing. Family worship is abandoned. No
attention is paid to the religious training of
the young. But few attend church-meetings.
Their assemblies are cold and languid. The
revival spirit is gone. None come in to take
the places of those who remove or die. The
churches have lost their moral influence in
their neighborhoods, and they are gradually
going down. Since 1854 this state of things
has been going on with a continually accel-
erated current of downward progression. Other
denominations are obtaining the influence the
Baptists have lost. The Methodist and the
'Current Reformation' are obtaining foot-
holds in neighborhoods and assuming the as-
cendency where Baptist influence was once
predominant. Close beside the dilapidated
Baptist Church, where once the entire neigh-
borhood assembled for worship, now stands a
new house of worship erected by the Metho-
dists or Reformers. This is the case all through
the country. Like Lot's wife, by the Shore of
the Dead Sea, such a church, with its warm-
hearted christian heart encrusted by the cold
acid spirit of partisanship, stands in its neigh-
borhood, not a cheering beacon of hope, but a
melancholy pillar of warning."

DECLENSION OF MORAVIANISM.

The *Moravian*, published at Bethlehem,
thinks that the Moravian Church will experi-
ence a great modification within a century! It
admits that in this country the church is in a
transition state. "It is feared by many that it
may not survive the uncertainties and perplexi-
ties of these times. We earnestly hope and
pray to God that he may inspire us with wis-
dom, that his work may not suffer in our hands,
but that, by a new impulse from on high, it may
go forward, reaping the rich rewards of devo-
tion to the service of God and the best inter-
ests of man."

Our Moravian brethren have many excel-
lent traits: a good internal discipline, sound
doctrines, and an Episcopal government—all
of which ought to render them effective; but
they do not advance in the United States.—
They make little or no impression on the na-
tional mind. They preceded Methodism in
this country, and have much in common with
the Wesleyan system; but how different are
the results of the two bodies in the new world!
Their contrast, in this respect, is worthy of
reflection on the part of Moravians. These
noble christians, so illustrious in church his-
tory, are not safe in their present attitude.—
They lack something. What it is, those who
know their more intimate church life and spirit
could best suggest; but to us, spectators at a
distance, it would seem that a mystic or semi-
mystic life, leading to a fastidiously retired
and quite religious life, is their present be-
setting evil. They lack not zeal for their own
internal affairs, nor for systematic missionary
operations among the heathen; but they do
not "evangelize" energetically at home; they
do not go abroad among the domestic multi-

tudes, "crying aloud and sparing not." A laborious working spirit seems to be their want. Methodist have many historical ties with them, and happy should we be to see them marching abroad with our own hosts, from conquering to conquer. We hope they will not take these remarks as invidious, but as the utterances of brotherly regard.—*The Methodist.*

The Douglas Convention.

Pursuant to a call from R. P. Dick, of the Douglas Executive Committee, on Tuesday, August 30th, 1860, the convention met at Raleigh. At 12 o'clock the Convention was called to order by Robt. P. Dick, Esq., of Guilford county, who delivered a chaste and eloquent address, announcing the purposes for which they had assembled.

On motion of Mr. Myers, of Mecklenburg, a committee (consisting of one delegate from each Congressional District) was appointed to report permanent officers for the Convention. The Chair appointed Messrs. Tucker, Pennington, Jones, Sloan, McDougald, Jenkins, Phipps, Merritt and Hyman.

On motion of Mr. Myers, there was a call of counties, that delegates might present their credentials.

Thirty one counties were represented, and 106 Delegates enrolled their names.

The Committee on permanent organization, reported as follows:

For President of the Convention—Dr. C. J. FOX, of Mecklenburg.

For Vice Presidents—Thos. Jones, of Martin; Maj. G. H. Wilder, of Wake; Thos. Settle, Jr., of Rockingham; Col. Jno. Morrison, of Moore.

Secretaries—J. Q. DeCarteret and Q. Basbee, of Wake.

On motion of Mr. Pennington, Reporters for the Press, irrespective of party, were allowed seats in the Convention.

On motion, the following Committee, consisting of one delegate from each Congressional District, was appointed to prepare business for the Convention, viz: Messrs. Wilder, Myers, Hyman, Swanner, Pennington, McDougald, Morrison and Settle.

The Committee returning submitted through Mr. Wilder the following report, which on motion of Mr. McKee, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we cordially reaffirm and heartily endorse the platform of principles adopted at the National Democratic Convention which recently assembled at Charleston and Baltimore, and pledge ourselves to support cordially the nominees of said Convention for President and Vice President.

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Convention, and necessary for the success of the National Democratic party, to nominate and maintain an Electoral ticket pledged to the support of Douglas and Johnston.

Resolved, That we instruct our Electors to vote for Douglas and Johnston in case it will either elect them before the people, or carry them to the House of Representatives and in case it will do neither, they shall cast their votes as will best subserve the purpose of defeating the Black Republican candidates.

Whereas, The doctrine of intervention is revolutionary, dangerous and unwise, calculated to excite animosity and sectional discord—that of non intervention bears upon its face the noblest effort of our best and greatest statesmen, subordinating all party ties to duty and to country, and has been the fixed and uniform doctrine of the Democratic party throughout the country—instance the Georgia Platform of 1848, the ultimatum of all Southern men at that day—the compromise of 1850—the Baltimore Platform of 1860—the Kansas and Nebraska bill of 1854, and the Cincinnati Platform of 1856, as a final settlement of the difficulties between the North and the South upon the subject of negro slavery in the Territories and the States, leaving the people thereof perfectly free to determine for themselves as to its establishment or rejection, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That we pledge to each other and to the country a persistent and determined opposition to the mischievous heresies and party tests that have well nigh disrupted the National organization of the National Democratic party, and will, if successful produce the dissolution of the Union itself.

Resolved, That the President of this Convention appoint an Executive Committee of five to superintend and advance the interests of the National Democratic party in this State.

Mr. Settle introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That the people of North Carolina cannot too much admire the manly, noble and heroic conduct of Robt. P. Dick, one of the delegates of the State of North Carolina at the National Democratic Convention assembled at Charleston and adjourned at Baltimore, in standing by the principles and maintaining the integrity and unity of the National Democratic party of the country against the mischievous heresy of intervention and the blasting and damnable consequences of secession and disunion.

Mr. McKee eloquently urged the adoption of the resolution, which was passed by acclamation with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Dick, in a few brief and feeling sentences, thanked the Convention for this flattering token of their esteem and approval, and resumed his seat amid prolonged applause.

The Chair announced the following gentlemen as composing the Executive Committee: Messrs. Quant Basbee, Henry W. Miller, G. H. Wilder, Thos. Settle, and Dr. Wm. R. Sloan.

On motion of Mr. Myers, the Convention then adjourned till 2 o'clock, P. M.

2 o'clock, P. M.

The Convention was called to order, and addressed at length by the Hon. Duncan K. McKee.

Mr. McKee's speech was received with the warmest demonstrations of delight and approval, and when, towards the close he styled Mr. Dick "the lone star which shone through the dark eclipse of North Carolina's fidelity to Democracy," the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Before he concluded, the hour arrived for Judge Douglas to speak, and the Convention adjourned till 8 o'clock, on motion of Mr. Pennington.

8 o'clock, P. M.

The Convention was called to order; when Mr. Pennington offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed, whose duty it shall be to report to this Convention the expediency and necessity, of establishing, in the City of Raleigh, a Campaign Paper which shall support the claims of Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson, the National Democratic nominees for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

The resolution having passed, was referred by the Chair to a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Miller, Sherred, Norwood, Tucker and Settle.

The Executive Committee, through its Chairman Mr. Basbee, reported the Electoral Ticket, which will be found in another column.

The committee to which Mr. Pennington's resolution was referred reported through Mr. Miller in favor of the immediate establishment of a Douglas organ in Raleigh.

The report was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. McKee, a committee of three was appointed to telegraph to the National Democracy of New York and Illinois, that this Convention had nominated a straight out National Democratic Electoral Ticket. The chair appointed Messrs. McKee, Tucker and McDougald.

On motion of Mr. Myers, the Executive Committee was instructed to have twenty thousand copies of the proceedings of the convention together with Judge Douglas' speech, for circulation.

At the suggestion of Mr. Basbee this motion was reconsidered, and amended by leaving the number of copies at the discretion of the Committee.

Dr. Piement of Pasquotank addressed the convention, and was followed by Mr. J. T. Rosser of Minnesota.

H. W. Miller, Esq., being loudly excused, excused himself temporarily and introduced Dr. Keon of Rockingham.

Messrs. Miller and Howerton subsequently addressed the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Pennington, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to the Chairman and Secretaries.

Thanks were also voted to the Railroad Companies for return tickets furnished to delegates.

The President expressed his high gratification at the harmony which had pervaded their deliberations. And then the Douglas Convention adjourned sine die.

Personal Appearance of Literary People.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet; Longfellow like a good-natured beefsteak; Holmes, like a ready-to-laugh little body wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome; Beecher a ruddy looking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers; and thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "formula" literature in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely; Mrs. Beecher Stowe is so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. E. F. Elliot looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong; so has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs. Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Francis S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face; Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful; Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite pretty, unless her picture tells. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madame DeStael was a sight; but Hannah Moore was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Langdon, pretty; Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, her physique, is angular; and though she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Brontë has a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first class erudition, Shakespeare and Milton were handsome. Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope. Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelly, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay is homely; Bulwer, nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called

handsome, but, covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton."

The Difference North-South.

Rev. John B. Marsh is well known in many parts of North Carolina as a faithful and laborious agent of the "American Sabbath School Union." We find in the *Binghamton Democrat*, Broome county, N. Y., of the 23rd August, the following letter from his pen, portraying the difference in the liberal spirit of the North and South, and fastening the "Gag Law," upon the Abolitionists—the men who so urgently demand "free speech" in the South. We commend the letter:

Politicians and political journals, of a certain stamp, have had much to say of late about "Southern Gag Laws," as they are pleased to term those laws of a portion of the States, which the fanaticism of northern politicians of the Smith, Garrison, and John Brown school have made necessary.

And because the safety of life and property, together with the best interests of master and slave, yea, of our whole country, have made it necessary for the Slave States to enact laws prohibiting the declaration of sentiments calculated to incite rebellion among the slave population:—because Abolition sheets, like the *Tribune* and its satellites, find few readers there, they make a piteous moan over "Southern Gag Law," "Southern Proscription," &c., and tell us we have no liberty of speech, no liberty of the press in our country, except it be in the Northern States.

Let my experience speak, and then decide as to the truth of their declarations. In March 1855, I left the hills and valleys of Broome county, with my heart burning with youthful ardor to do something in the cause of my Divine Master. I was under commission from the American Sabbath School Union, to labor as a Missionary in North Carolina.

I reached the beautiful village of Greensboro on the 5th of April, and was welcomed with a cordiality characteristic of the South. The first Sabbath I was there, I visited the Sunday School of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches, where I was warmly welcomed by pastors, Superintendents and pupils, as though I had been honored with a birth in their own "Sunny South." No man asked me my sentiments on the subject of slavery.

In the afternoon I was requested to preach to the negroes of Greensboro, and never did I see in my own native State, an assemblage of as well dressed, healthy, and happy looking negroes, as those that then filled the large basement of the M. E. Church.

I have spent five years in different portions of North Carolina and never has the pulpit of any denomination been closed against me, and never have I been questioned as to my political views before being admitted to the sacred desk. Enough for them that I preach the gospel, and say nothing for or against slavery. This is the spirit of North Carolinians, which Abolitionists may call "Gag Law" if you please. With this let us compare abolition intolerance.

After five pleasant years spent in North Carolina, I returned a few weeks since to visit the old homestead, the friends of childhood and youth, and the graves of loved ones gone home. And no place did I anticipate visiting with greater delight, than the house of God, where Sabbath after Sabbath I had sat to hear His word, and where I had so often been blessed. I anticipated great delight in again mingling the voice of praise and prayer with those who welcomed me to their number when first I felt my sins forgiven, who afterwards, said to me, "go preach the gospel of Christ."

In the absence of the Pastor of the Church I had been informed it was expected I would fill the desk; with this expectation I started for the house of God, on the morning of August 12th, hoping there to be blessed with the presence of God, and to be enabled to serve Him by pointing sinners to Christ, and encouraging saints to hold fast their hope in Him. But in this I was disappointed; before reaching the church I was informed that at a "church meeting," of the day before, certain self-made "ruling elders" had decided that only on one condition could I be admitted to the sacred desk—a condition they and all who know me, well knew I never would comply with. It was this—before I could preach "Christ and Him crucified," I must come at the feet of these abolitionist priests and repeat my political creed which they kindly offered to teach me. In other words, I must declare myself opposed to slavery. Sooner shall my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than I desecrate the sacred desk, and the Lord's day, by such a course; hence my lips are sealed and the pulpit of that church, of which for nine years I was a member, is closed against me.

Here we see the slave holder of North Carolina and the abolitionist of New York, standing side by side. Look at them, and tell me which is armed with the largest "gag," which manifests most of that spirit which characterizes the "lover of liberty." As for me, give me the noble sons of North Carolina, as my friends, but save me and my loved county from the spirit of Abolitionism.

JOHN B. MARSH.

QUEER PLACE FOR A NEST.

A bird has built its nest and reared its young in the letter box of the parish of Sparham, Norfolk, England. Notwithstanding the frequent approach of the public to deposit letters, and the postmaster's daily calls to take them, the bird is not disturbed. Sometimes the postman takes letters off the bird's back.

Something New in the Scientific World.

We copy the following interesting article from the New Orleans *Picayune*. It is from the pen of their New York correspondent:

A certain Dr. Benjamin Hardinge, a man of original mind—a careful, truthful and never-tiring student of nature—has spent the last 15 years in his laboratory in liquidating quartz rock and combining it again in new and varied forms. Dissolving quartz silex with an excess of alkali is nothing new in chemistry, but to do it with the silex very greatly in excess over the alkali and in large quantities, and at small expense, has been one of the greatest studies of chemistry for the past quarter of a century. This, Dr. Hardinge surely accomplished: for I have seen three thousand gallons of liquid dissolved at one time and in the short space of two hours, at an expense merely nominal. The capacity of this monster Machine is six thousand gallons, and it can digest twelve tons of quartz, or silex flint rock in twenty-four hours, and convert it into the waters of crystallization. But then you have the basis for the wildest speculations. Your readers are, perhaps, aware that a very large portion of our globe is of just this material, either in the form of sand rock or other siliceous substances.

By chemical combinations, Dr. Hardinge makes an article of plastic marble, purer than the purest Parian. It can be made of any color, by mixtures of various metallic oxides. Every article of marble work may thus be cast as perfectly as castings of metals now are, and copies of Corinthian pillars, statues, mantels, etc., can be furnished at an expense of probably one per cent. their cost. By a proper combination with ordinary sand or marble, a stone is made harder than the hardest flint and at a price less than the cheapest brick. Your parlors may be frescoed with marble, and time will never injure their colors. This is undoubtedly the same process used in the catacombs of Egypt, the colors of which are as fresh as when they were first put on, three thousand years ago.

Your levees may now be built of stone made on your premises, and you will have no trouble to make them equal in size to the foundation stones of Solomon's temple.

This liquid quartz is also made into paint, incombustible and soluble. Your ships and steamboats can burn up, and the meanest hut will be as safe from fire as a marble palace.—This seems almost like the fables of the Arabian Nights, yet it cannot be otherwise than true.

For dissolving gold bearing quartz, this invention's value is without limit. Every atom of gold may be precipitated and saved, and then the liquid is of far more value than the whole thing has cost. Think of one great iron march digesting twelve tons of flint in twenty-four hours.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

STOP THE MURDERER!—\$1,000 REWARD!

Our readers will recollect that sometime since a double murder was committed in Pikeville, Ala., the victims being two brothers, John M. and Andrew Allman. At the request of Mrs. Rosa M. Allman, who has been left a widow by the tragedy, we cheerfully publish the following, and hope our contemporaries and the press generally will aid the cause of justice by doing likewise.

One thousand dollars reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery in the town of Pikeville, Marion county, Ala., of William Little, one of the murderers of John M. and Andrew Allman.

Description: Said Little is between 22 and 25 years of age, about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, thin face, spare built, will weigh about 145 or 150 pounds, pale complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair. On the morning before he left he received a wound on the head with a stick, which cut about one and a half inches—over and around the cut his head was shaved. He also had one or two slang expressions which will note the man. When astonished, or wishing to express approval, he invariably says, "Well, ain't that awful," or "Well, that's powerful." He has rather a downcast look and never will gaze in a man's face. When not speaking, his lips are generally parted; walks very much like a blind horse, has little or no beard except on the chin, and that is very thin. The said Little is a son of Ab. Little, living on the Baylor Road, in Winston county, Ala., and was a member of the firm of G. W. Little & Co., selling goods in the town of Pikeville, Ala. Aug. 17th, 1860. ROSA M. ALLMAN.

N. B.—In addition to the above it is confidently expected that the Governor will offer a handsome reward. Will all the papers in the United States please give this an insertion, and assist me in bringing the assassin to justice, who secreted himself and shot down my husband, leaving me a widow, with an infant three months old.

R. M. A.

A man answering this description was in Greensboro a short time since. He was afterwards at Kittrell's Springs. From there he went towards Virginia.—*Times.*

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The most careful readers of the Scriptures have sometimes remarked that no matter how carefully or how frequently they have studied the Bible, they are sure to find something new—that is, new to them, of course, because the thought was there from the beginning, and their minds gradually became prepared to discover it. The lesson is constantly enforced in this way, that man is very much the same as formerly, and that the same things happen to the race as in former times. But we were

scarcely prepared to find so close a description of the claims of the Republican candidate to distinction, as we see in Psalm 74, v. 6: "A man was famous, according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees."

REMARKABLE ATTACK BY A SWARM OF BEES. ASTORIA August 3, 1860.—A singular occurrence took place in this vicinity yesterday. A swarm of bees belonging to a Mr. Decker, came out of the hive in great fury, and attacked a man by the name of Munger, who was crossing the field at the time, some thirty or forty rods off. He undertook to flee to the woods, but the bees were too close to him so that he found it impossible to run. He then commenced a fight with hat in hand, but he was very soon overpowered, and fell down with faintness, and would soon have died had not a son of M. Decker—who was at this time approaching from another direction—rushed to the rescue, when the stingers left Munger and commenced an attack upon young Decker, who fled with all speed to a shed or granary, in which was a favorite shepherd dog, chained. The bees immediately left the young man, and attacked the poor dog with such fury as to deprive him of life before he could be left loose. It is said the dog actually killed more than a quart of bees in his vigorous defence. Mr. Munger and Mr. Decker were in a dangerous state for some hours but are now recovering.—*Correspondence Democrat Tribune.*

TEXAS.

In relation to the Abolition plot, the Galveston News has the following intelligence:

The Henderson Times, of the 11th ult., says: "We have seen a note written from near Danville, by Col. Dunn's overseer, to his son, Charles Dunn, which said that a negro boy, Allen, formerly belonging to Mr. Dunn, had confessed his connection with this insurrectionary movement, and was to have been hanged yesterday."

The citizens of Wood county were to hold a public meeting on the 20th ult., to consider the condition of the country, and devise means for protecting life and property.

The citizens of Millville, Rock county, held a public meeting on the 6th ult., to examine into the character of certain suspicious persons and to organize patrols. Sundry individuals were ordered to leave the county.

The Quitman Herald, of the 15th, says: "A gentleman from Little Elm, in Denton county, on Saturday last informed us the citizens of Denton are as much excited as elsewhere in the State. A negro had been arrested in that county, in whose possession twenty-four bottles of strychnine were found."

The Bellville Countryman, of the 18th, comes to us with reports of the proceedings of large and enthusiastic public meetings at Bellville on the 7th, and at Travis and Forkton Beats on the 4th, to appoint vigilance committees and patrols, and adopt such other measures of safety as the recent Abolition movements in the State call for.

The patrol system has had a beneficial effect at Cameron, Milan county, and other places, in making the negroes keep wholesome hours. A meeting of the citizens of Hockley, Austin county, took place on the 6th. A vigilance committee and patrol were appointed, and resolutions adopted expressing sympathy with the citizens of the northern counties in their distress, agreeing to co-operate with similar committees in other places and counties, and to stand ready as minute men to render any assistance in their power etc.

Friedman and Rotenburg, two German Jew peddlers, have been arrested and examined by the Rusk Vigilance Committee. The former was released, nothing being proved against him. Rotenburg was accused by several negroes of inciting them to insurrection. His case was finally submitted to a jury of fifty men, from various parts of the county, and the accused was allowed counsel. After a patient examination of the evidence a vote was taken on the question of hanging him, and it stood eighteen for and thirty-two against—the latter believing him guilty of very improper conduct towards the negroes, but that the evidence did not warrant the death punishment. The jury were unanimous in ordering the accused to leave the county within forty-eight hours and the State in four days. Rotenburg's family reside in New York.

The Rusk Enquirer learns that a Yankee Abolition school-master was hung on the 16th in Anderson county. He was convicted of inciting the negroes to insurrection.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

John A. Hooper, Esq., an esteemed citizen of Jackson county, living near the Forks of Tockasee River, was shot while returning home from a saw mill with a load of lumber. No clue as yet is had to the cold blooded murderer. He lay in ambush for his victim, and shot him from a distance of not more than fifteen paces, the ball entering under the shoulder blade, and passing out just above the nipple of the left breast.—*Asheville News.*

FORMAL WITHDRAWAL OF HOUSTON.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 29.—Gen. Sam Houston, Governor of Texas, has written a letter, formally withdrawing his name as a candidate for the Presidency. Many of his friends think that in pursuing this course he has sacrificed his consistency, inasmuch as but a short time has elapsed since he declared, in the most emphatic terms, that under no consideration whatever would he retire from the canvass.

Even the earth is improved by suffering, since it rarely produces abundantly until it has been harrowed.

From the Home Journal.
The Picture on the Wall.
BY FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

See the beautiful day, in her robes of light,
Chase hands with the pendive, dusk-dimmed Night;
See the sunset fires, of crimson and gold,
Have burned into ashes gray and cold;
When hills and dells are all aslow,
With the richest radiance earth can know;
I turn from beauty, and life, and bloom,
And bend my steps to this lonely room.

Is not that its walls are so thickly strewn
With Art's bright dreamings of rose-crowned June;
That hails and blooms for a fairy meet,
Beside the echo of careless feet;
Nor is it that folds of blue combine
With satin tinted like Shiraz wine
To shade its windows so broad and high,
And deeper lined than the morning sky.

Is not that rare gems from a master's hand
In every nook and corner stand;
That birds and flowers in idle play,
Warble and patter the hours away;
Oh, no! for all is most plain and poor,
From the ceiling low to the oaken door,
And look, gray spiders, here and there,
Have woven their webs with fearless care.

But sitting here in this comfortable chair—
The floor beneath me dingy and bare—
I catch a vision lovelier far,
Than the Koran's promised hours are,
A beautiful face looks down to mine,
A face in the flash of its girlish prime,
With features a Venus might proudly wear
Framed in a glory of shining hair.

I never have paused to ask her name,
Or if she were born of wealth or fame;
I never have thought if her home-roof rose
"Ming southern fragrance, or northern snows;
For it is enough for me to know
She must have perished long years ago,
And it is enough for me to see
No royal princess could fairer be.

And oh, mid the roar of some busy street,
Where trade and commerce, and pleasure meet,
I dream of a face of silent room,
Day and night, and thick with gloom,
And for sometime, before me rise
Visions of departed western skies;
An angel child—a window tall—
And a picture hung 'gainst a smoke-stained wall.

And oh, mid the whirl of life I see
A radiant face bent down to me;
And oft the ledger's dull leaves unfold
Visions of hair like the Champagne's gold.
Wonderful traces! they ripple o'er
What was a wearisome task before,
And the words of traffic grow strangely bright,
And the heart of the toiler strangely light.

And oft when the banquet-board is spread,
And the wine in each crystal cup is red;
When friends of riot and merriment
And the voice of the tempter would prevail—
I catch the gleam of a holy brow,
White fingers clasping a breast of snow,
A dark eye beaming with supernatural power,
And lips like the crimson carnation-flower.

And I see no longer the careless throng,
That as more to the siren song,
For an angel-presence is with me there,
And my soul-music is changed to prayer,
And sure I am—as I will be—
That, if e'er heaven's portals unfold to me,
I shall owe its glories, one and all,
To the saint-faced picture on the wall.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GRACE MORTIMER;
OR,
THE ORPHAN HEIRESS.
A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

CHAPTER I.

The fashionable Mother and her Daughter.

In the suburbs of one of our most beautiful inland cities was the residence of Mrs. Clement, who had been three years a widow. During the life of her husband she lived in affluence, but at his death she found herself in possession of a limited income which was insufficient to supply the numerous wants of herself and her family. She was, however, determined, if possible, to maintain her former style of living and practice in private the most rigid economy, rather than relinquish her place in fashionable circles. To move into a smaller dwelling in a less aristocratic neighborhood, and give up the society of her wealthy acquaintances, was indeed painful to contemplate. Many a weary hour was spent in anxious thought—many were the consultations of herself and her daughter Kate, and many were the subterfuges to which she was obliged to resort. Sometimes she was almost ready to abandon such a tiresome, unsatisfying mode of life, and descend to a lower position, but for the sake of Kate, she determined to struggle on. That Kate, who was pretty and vivacious, would "marry a fortune," was her secret hope.

"A letter for you, mother," exclaimed the young lady one evening, as she entered the breakfast room, holding in her hand a singularly folded sheet. "It is a queer looking thing; I think I should not be very proud of such clumsy missives," and she tossed it disdainfully upon the table.

Mrs. Clement took the coarse letter and broke the seal. She smiled as she read, and Kate, who was peeping over her shoulder, laughed outright.

"What a horrid scrawl!" she exclaimed, "and scarcely a word spelled correctly. It is signed 'Your loving sister, Sally'; do enlighten me, mother; have you no near a relative of whose existence I have been ignorant?"

"She is a cousin of mine," replied Mrs. Clement, "it chanced that her mother was my nurse in infancy, and she was my playmate in childhood; I used to call her sister. It seems she has not forgotten it."

"But I never heard of her before," remarked Kate.

"Probably not; she has lived for many years past at the far west."

"Ah! what does she say?" cried Kate who had taken the letter and was endeavoring to decipher it. "she wishes to 'take up her abode'

with us! do my eyes deceive me? no, there it is in black and white, 'I shall be with you, the Lord willin', about the fast of next month—hope you will make calculations accordingly; mercy! what does she mean, mother?"

"I suppose she means just as she writes, that she is coming to visit us; we must make the best of it."

"What sort of a being is she?" queried Kate, while an expression of deep vexation settled upon her face.

"I cannot inform you," replied Mrs. Clement. "I have not seen her since she was a young girl; she was rather pretty and agreeable then. It seems, however, that she did not acquire much education—at least I should judge so by her epistle."

"Let us read on and see why she is intending to favor us with her presence," said Kate contemptuously. "O, ho! because she has no relatives but us, and feels lonely and desolate—remembers the days of her girlhood and wishes to see her adopted sister again; sentimental, really! and will you welcome her cordially, mother?"

"I shall endeavor to treat her politely," answered Mrs. Clement, "and I hope you will do the same."

"I was never more provoked about anything in my life," said the young lady, in a petulant tone, "to think such an outlandish creature should come poking here! to have her seated in the parlor from morning till night, as of course she will be! what will our fashionable acquaintances say?"

"Don't borrow trouble, Kate," said her mother, "wait until you see her; perhaps after all she may be agreeable."

"O, impossible! a person who writes such a coarse letter as that can have no refinement; do, mother, send immediately and tell her it is inconvenient for us to receive her at present."

"That will not be right, Kate. I must entertain her for the sake of her mother, at least, who was to me one of the kindest friends in my helpless childhood; so I will answer her letter and tell her to come, probably her visit will not be long."

"Not if I can prevent it," muttered Kate, as she left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Orphan Grace.

As we have said, Mrs. Clement was forced to be economical. Only one servant was retained, and Mrs. Clement, herself, performed many arduous tasks. Her daughter Kate would not condescend to labor, but a willing assistant was found in an orphan niece who resided in the family. Grace was always ready to help; she was seamstress, chambermaid and errand girl, in short, Grace was very useful indeed. She had been told over and over again, that she could never repay the debt of gratitude she owed her aunt for giving her a home, and she had no other relatives except a brother who was penniless like herself. So the orphan girl worked early and late, stealing time to read and study when others were asleep. She was often very lonely and sad. When there was company in the parlors, she could hear the sound of merry voices and the music of the piano, but she remained in her chamber working—working! Her aunt thought it was not best for such a timid thing to see much of gay society, besides she had no dresses suitable to appear in. Sometimes poor Grace would cover her face and weep, but she consoled herself by thinking of her dying mother's words, "Be patient, my child, and in times of sorrow, look upward to your heavenly Father. If you love Him, all things will work together for your good."

Another cause of sadness Grace had in the conduct of her brother, who was two years older than herself. Frank Mortimer was a kind-hearted, impulsive youth, endowed by Nature with some of the finest qualities yet easily led astray by unprincipled companions. He was wild and thoughtless often plunging into scenes of dissipation and bringing upon himself sorrow and shame. For some act of recklessness he had offended his aunt Clement past forgiveness, and she had forbidden his entrance to her house, much to the grief of his loving-hearted sister. Through the kindness of a gentleman who was a friend of his father, Frank was established as clerk in a mercantile house, but he was so often remiss in duty that his employer felt that he must discharge him if he did not mend his ways. Many were the prayers of sweet Grace for her erring brother. Frequently at evening when his daily tasks were over, she went to his boarding place to spend an hour with him. After her visits he was always more thoughtful, and for a time avoided scenes of wild revelry, but the effect of her tearful warnings soon vanished, and he again suffered himself to be led away by the force of temptation.

One moonlight evening in December, Grace prepared for a walk, determining, if possible, to find her brother, and plead with him once more. She hoped to find him at his room, but feared he would be absent. Sometimes she thought he purposely evaded her, as her warnings and entreaties were becoming annoying to him. Wrapped in thought she walked hastily on, and when at length she paused, supposing that she had arrived at the place of her destination, she found, to her dismay, that she had taken a wrong direction and was now in a part of the city which she had never visited before. On each side the narrow street were tall dilapidated buildings which seemed too old and gloomy to be the abode of human beings. Faint lights were glimmering from the windows, and Grace knew that in this place the most miserably poor were congregated. Utterly at a loss to know in what direction to turn, she stood gazing about her. Coarse women and

drunken men were passing. Some stopped and looked wonderingly upon her; some accosted her rudely. To stay there longer was unsafe. She feared to inquire of those around her—too many young girls had been deceived and led, into vile places by putting confidence in strangers. Just then she chanced to raise her eyes to a window of a house near which she stood. The faces of little children were visible at the broken panes, and as she looked up, a sweet childish voice said, "O, do come in."

CHAPTER III.

The Inebriate's Home.

Ascending a flight of tottering steps and pushing open a broken door, Grace found herself in a dark passage.

"I'm coming with a light," said the same childish voice, and then there was a sound of hurrying little feet. A curly-headed boy appeared shading the flickering candle with his hand.

"O, Lucy, we're so glad you've come at last," said he joyfully.

"It isn't Lucy," said Grace, pushing back her hood. The boy gazed wonderingly up into her face.

"O," said he, "I thought it was my sister. She has been gone a long while, and little Minnie is very hungry, and so am I."

"She will come soon, I dare say," said Grace, "may I go in and wait a little while with you and Minnie?"

"O, yes, indeed, you may," answered the child, leading the way into a dismal apartment. There were but a few coals glimmering on the hearth, and the air was damp and chilly.

"It's very cold," murmured the boy, shivering—"our wood is almost gone; I've got two sticks left, but I am keeping them till Lucy gets home. I know she'll be almost frozen, for she hasn't got a cloak now; she sold it last week to buy us some bread."

"Don't you suffer here, poor things?" asked Grace, looking into the interesting countenances of the children, "you ought to have more fire on such a night as this."

"O, we put our arms about each other to keep warm," answered the little girl smiling, "and sometimes we take the blanket off the bed to wrap round us."

"If Minnie only had some shoes," said the boy sadly, "her poor little feet do ache so dreadfully sometimes. I don't care for myself much, but it makes me cry to see Minnie suffer."

"O, never mind about me, Charley," said the girl, kissing him.

At the moment footsteps were heard in the passage, and Charley hastened to open the door. It was his sister Lucy who entered.

"Ah! poor darlings!" she said, "I've been gone a long time, but I have brought you some supper at last." Grace now came forward and was welcomed by Lucy.

"I would willingly conduct you," said she "but I am very weary. If you will remain until morning, I will accompany you."

To this Grace consented. She knew her aunt would not be alarmed, for she had told her that she might perhaps go to watch that night with a sick child in the neighborhood, and she would think her thus engaged.

Charley now replenished the fire with the hoarded sticks and gazed delighted at the beautiful blaze. Lucy placed their supper before them. It consisted of a small loaf of coarse bread, and they began to eat with keen appetites.

"But you don't take any, sister Lucy," said Charley, "ain't you hungry to night?"

"Not very," she replied, smiling faintly, "I will keep my share till morning."

"O, I know," whispered Minnie, "Lucy is afraid there won't be enough for us all."

"She goes without herself that we may have more," murmured Charley mournfully, "do eat, sister Lucy; we don't want it all."

Tears flowed from the eyes of Grace.

"Never have I seen such suffering before," thought she, "oh, that I were only rich enough to relieve it."

The secret of their destitution was soon told by Lucy, as after seeing the children in bed, she sat beside her guest. Her father was a drunkard, and step by step had dragged his family down to ruin.

Her mother died of a broken heart, and the care of her little brother and sister devolved upon her. By her exertions they were kept from starvation. Little was the aid they received from the father, and if he but stayed away, they were thankful, for his presence often made their poor home a scene of the wildest terror. Lucy wept bitterly as she thus revealed her sorrows to Grace, whose heart went out toward her in affection and sympathy.

Poor Lucy! She was delicate and lovely—a sad fate was hers, to be thus forced to go out into a cold world, alone and friendless.

For a few moments the two girls sat silent and thoughtful. Suddenly Lucy sprang up, exclaiming, "My father is coming! I hear his voice in the street; follow me!" Snatching a candle from the table, she grasped the hand of Grace, and they both hastily ascended to the room above the one where they had been sitting.

"He is not alone—there are several with him," whispered Lucy, "don't trouble so, Miss Mortimer; they will not think of coming here."

The sound of voices, wild shouts of laughter and the clash of bottles and tumblers reached their ears.

"Hark!" whispered Grace, "I heard your name; yes, he is calling you."

"O, I cannot go down," murmured Lucy, "I will not."

"Lucy, Lucy, come here? Lucy, where are

you?" screamed the coarse voice of her father.

The young girl shuddered, but did not move. Again and again he called, and at last with an oath declared he would find her.

"Poor dove! we have frightened her away," said the voice of one of the group below. That voice!—Grace sprang to her feet as it's tones met her ear—could it be her brother's?

"I must go," said Lucy sighing. The group beneath grew more noisy.

"I'm afraid we shan't get a glimpse of your pretty daughter after all," cried one.

"I've a great curiosity to see this paragon of beauty," remarked another.

"She is a timid bird, too fair for such a cage as this," spoke a third. Again that voice, and now Grace was sure it was Frank's.

"I'll find her hiding place," exclaimed the inebriate father, "she often plays me tricks like this. I'll teach her better, the young hussy!"

"Come," whispered Lucy, "we will go down; you can remain in the passage with the light; if I need you, I will call."

Grace obeyed, and her companion, bidding her not to be afraid, unlatched the door and glided into the room where the riotous company were gathered.

"A pretty manner, this is to obey your father, Miss," cried the inebriate, "come here instantly and shake hands with these young gentlemen—they are my friends, and they wish to make the acquaintance of my daughter."

But she stood silently near the door, with downcast eyes.

"Come here, I say! is this a way to treat my guests?"

Still she hesitated to advance, and the angry man sprang toward her and seized her rudely by the arm. As he drew her directly in front of that now silent group a change came suddenly over her face. A proud light gleamed from her dark eyes, and a crimson spot glowed upon her cheek. She drew herself haughtily up.

"What!" said she, in tones of intense scorn, "shall I welcome those who come to destroy the little peace which my poor lot affords! My home is miserable enough at best; I have but few hours of quiet and repose. O, if you knew how utterly wretched and forsaken I am, methinks you would not add to the burden of sorrow."

While she spoke, her manner changed from scorn to the deepest sadness, and sinking upon a chair, she sobbed audibly. Grace could remain without no longer. As she advanced into the room, all eyes were turned in astonishment upon her. Frank sprang forward, exclaiming, "My sister—why are you here?"

"Come!" she said, grasping his arm, "accompany me home—I am ready to go this moment."

"Yes," he replied, and turning to his companions, said, "I entreat you all to depart instantly; it is cruel to bring such distress upon a helpless girl. How could we have been so thoughtless as to have accepted her father's invitation, and come here at all?"

"We will go," they answered. Lucy looked gratefully up. Grace kissed her and bade her adieu, promising to see her again soon.

The walk homeward was a silent one. Grace and Frank each seemed busy with their own thoughts, but as they were about to part at Mrs. Clement's house, the sister threw her arms about her brother's neck and said pleadingly, "O, Frank! by the memory of our dying mother's prayers, I beseech you to shun evil associates; O, heed the entreaties of poor Grace and do not break her heart by your conduct."

CHAPTER IV.

The welcome Visitor.

Near the parlor window one fine afternoon sat Mrs. Clement and Kate. The street was very gay. Brilliant equipages passed to and fro, and elegantly dressed ladies promenaded the sidewalks. Suddenly Kate uttered an exclamation of surprise—almost of terror.

"See!" she cried, "there's the oddest looking vehicle at our door—I never saw the like, and a fat woman is getting out. O, I comprehend! it is that odious 'Sister Sally' that I've been dreading so long. Mercy! what an array of band-boxes and bundles! I should think she intended to settle here for life!"

Slowly the old lady descended from the high seat of the country wagon and began to collect her baggage. Kate heard her shrill voice distinctly saying,

"This is the place, I'm certain; I've asked a good many ladies for the house where 'Widder Clement lives, and they've all directed me to this. A fine place it is to—no idea that sister Laura had married so well—she was as poor once as anybody. Here, Joshua, you just help me up the steps with my trunk and things, and then I'll settle with you for the passage."

Kate was in an agony. She saw at that moment two ladies coming down the street, whose acquaintance she was desirous to make. What would they think to see those country people bargaining upon the front steps. So she flew to the door and hastily opened it.

"Do come in," she said eagerly, "we have been expecting you—come!" and seizing boxes and bundles, and almost drawing the old lady in, she succeeded in shutting the door before the attention of the two Misses was directed that way, leaving the astonished Joshua standing with dilated eyes and open mouth.

"La! du tell! are you sister Lucy's daughter?" said the visitor, gazing at the richly dressed young lady.

"I am Mrs. Clement's daughter," answered Kate proudly.

"Well, then, I am your aunt Sally. Is your mar to home? I'm anxious to see her. I hope

she haint forgot old times or old friends either."

Kate turned away, saying she would inform her mother of the visitor's arrival.

"Yes, du," said Aunt Sally, "and tell her not to make any fuss for me; I'm one of the old-fashioned, home spun sort of folks, and she needn't put herself out of the way a bit."

In spite of her vexation, Kate could not help smiling, and she laughed merrily as she informed Mrs. Clement that her adopted sister was eager to greet her. Mrs. C. received her unwelcome guest with civility but with an air of dignity that repelled the affectionate manner which Aunt Sally would have evinced. She hinted, too, the propriety of dropping the appellation of "sister," as they were no longer children. As for Miss Kate, she did not try to conceal her contempt, but maintained a haughty silence.

A week passed, and Aunt Sally said nothing of departing. On the contrary she seemed inclined to stay, declaring herself in such comfortable quarters that she could not think of going at present.

"I haint been out any yet," said she, "I haint been to a party or a concert, or to see any of the city sights. I hope, Kate, you'll go round with me a little; why can't we take a walk to day? the weather is so pleasant; I know I should enjoy it, as I've been cooped up here so long."

"I—I am, busy—very busy"—stammered Kate, "Grace will go with you."

"Maybe Grace will be ashamed to walk with me," said Aunt Sally, with a peculiar expression in her bright grey eyes.

"O, no, I will go," quickly remarked the orphan girl, "I know you are tired of staying so long in the house, and it will give you pleasure to walk about our beautiful city."

"Well, Grace Mortimer is a strange girl," said Kate, as from the window she watched her cousin, aiding the fat old lady through the street. "I wonder what would have tempted me to promenade with that specimen of vulgarity!"

She curled her pretty lips in scorn, repeating softly to herself, "A strange, unaccountable girl! and to tell the truth, I do not like her."

That poor Grace was no favorite with her brilliant cousin was evident to all who saw them together. Perhaps Kate envied the superior beauty and gentleness, and the loveliness of spirit manifested in the humble orphan, perhaps she envied her, because by her unassuming goodness she often won hearts which Kate wished to make wholly her own.

CHAPTER V.

Fashionable Calls.

"I understand," said Aunt Sally, as she entered the parlor one morning, "that you are expectin' a good many calls to day, and as I've had no opportunity to git acquainted with the city ladies, I think I'll jest set here with you a while. I dare say I shall be perfectly delighted."

The sudden flash which mounted to the brow of Mrs. Clement, and the angry light which gleamed in the eyes of the daughter, told that this arrangement was far from agreeable—Aunt Sally read their thoughts, and for a moment a peculiar smile played about her lips. Ensconcing herself in a large arm chair, she unrolled her coarse knitting work, saying she could not afford to be idle, and she would set an example to the city ladies. A ring was soon heard, and Mrs. Fretley was ushered in. She was a small woman with a very severe countenance. Indeed, one would have supposed that a smile was a stranger to that withered visage. She entered panting with the exertion she had made, and scarcely were the usual compliments past when she commenced a tirade against her coachman who had disobeyed her orders, and driven the horses upon a trot.

"O, my poor nerves!" she said despairingly, "they are completely shattered; it seems as if everybody tried to annoy me! I take little comfort of my life!"

"Dear Mrs. Fretley," cried Kate eagerly, "do lay aside your hat and shawl and spend the remainder of the day with us; we shall be delighted with your company."

"O, impossible!" replied the lady, "I must be at home very soon. My servants need overlooking. They will ruin me by their extravagance; such an insolent, wasteful set I never saw. I sometimes think that they are all in league against me. O, my poor nerves! I do believe there's not another woman in the city who suffers as I do!"

"I thought riches made a person happy," suddenly spoke Aunt Sally, peering over the back of her easy chair.

"You are mistaken," said the lady, in a freezing tone. Mrs. Clement and Kate both looked much confused.

"Oh, some country cousin," thought Mrs. Fretley, "after all, I believe I was right in my suspicions that the Clements were of low origin. I regret now that I formed their acquaintance; I cannot bear vulgarity. It shocks my nerves excessively."

Mrs. Fretley's call was unusually short, and her manner was rather distant as she invited them to visit her at Fretley Hall.

"A disagreeable old creature," said Kate, as soon as the beautiful carriage left the door, "if she were not so immensely rich, no one would endure her."

"O, indeed!" ejaculated Aunt Sally, knitting vigorously.

"Oh! there are the Misses Gay," remarked Kate, gazing from the window. "I wonder if they will call. Yes, they are crossing the street; what loves of girls they are! and so very fashionable! Look, mother, what a distinguished air Matilda has, and Helen is such

a beauty! There, they are ringing the bell, O, mother," she continued, in an earnest whisper. "I'd give anything to be rid of Aunt Sally; can't you contrive to get her out of the room?"

Mrs. Clement shook her head, and looking up, saw the keen eyes of Aunt Sally peering at them with a strange twinkle. A frown darkened the pretty brow of Kate, but it soon gave place to a smile as she welcomed the young ladies.

"It seems an age since we last met," she exclaimed warmly. "do inform me where you have hidden yourselves so long?"

"O, we spent a great part of the summer in traveling," languidly replied Miss Helen, carefully adjusting her numerous flounces as she leaned back on the sofa. "and very tedious it was, I assure you; I wished myself at home a thousand times."

"But I did not," said her more lively sister. "I enjoyed it exceedingly. It is so pleasant to form acquaintances and create a sensation. I teased papa till he bought a new carriage and a span of beautiful horses, and then I gave mamma no peace till I was dressed just to my liking. I suppose we shouldn't have traveled at all, if it were not on account of mamma's poor health. She preferred to go quietly in the old carriage, but I could not bear the idea of that; papa declared he couldn't afford to gratify all my whims, but he yielded at last."

"Or a nice storm there would have been," remarked her sister smiling. "Matilda always carries her point; she was spoiled in childhood, and papa and mamma are both led by her now."

"It used to be the fashion for children to consult the wishes of their parents," cried a shrill voice behind them. "but now it seems that parents are ruled by their children! ah me! times have altered amazingly since I was young!"

The fashionable sister, both started and gazed with a bewildered look upon Aunt Sally who had arisen from her chair and stood before them.

"Yes," continued the old lady, eyeing them from head to foot, "now-a-days everything is for show instead of comfort, and if folks can only be gentle, it's all that's necessary."

Signifying her desire to give them a little wholesome advice, Aunt Sally took a seat near them, but Miss Helen immediately rose, saying that they could stay no longer as their time was fully engaged. Very politely but with less affectionate warmth than usual, they parted with Mrs. Clement and her daughter, who declared that they would see no more visitors that day. Kate was angry and could not conceal it.

"You have driven our friends away," she said to the unwelcome guest.

"And you would like to have me take leave also," said Aunt Sally pleasantly. "well, I will go. I see plainly that my presence is not desired; vulgar and ignorant people ought not to intrude upon the fashionable and refined; I have remained too long already."

Her voice and manner seemed changed. Mrs. Clement and Kate both looked at her in surprise. Was it possible that she was not in reality what she appeared?

Aunt Sally went to her chamber and began to pack her clothing. Grace soon entered and was greatly surprised at her determination of going so soon.

"I have stayed long enough to learn the true character of my relatives," said the old lady sadly. "they are selfish and heartless; they pay their homage at the shrine of wealth, but the poor, no matter how virtuous and good, are scorned and despised."

Grace listened in wonder. Was it Aunt Sally who spoke? The voice and language were no longer the same.

"I will tell you a secret, dear Grace," she continued. "I am not quite as ignorant as I appeared. If Mrs. Clement and Kate had overlooked my apparent coarseness and treated me with genuine kindness, it would have been for their benefit. You, dear Grace, have been to me like a gentle daughter, I will not forget you. You shall see me again."

The next morning Aunt Sally departed, and no one but Grace was sorry.

(To be continued.)

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

Mr. William D. Cooke, who first inaugurated the idea with us of this charitable Institution, and who has been the Principal of it since its formation, in 1849, we believe, has resigned his situation. Mr. Cooke takes what he considers a more advantageous situation—Principal of the Georgia Asylum. With an experience of about twenty years, he is well qualified for his duties.

We learn that the Board of Directors, on Friday last, filled the vacancy caused by Mr. Cooke's resignation, by the appointment of Mr. Willie J. Palmer, former vice-Principal. We consider this an excellent appointment, and it is certainly highly complimentary to Mr. Palmer, whose connection with the Institution has not been of long duration. But however high the compliment, it is none the less worthily bestowed. Mr. Palmer is a young man of fine talents, devoted to his profession, and will acquit himself with honor. He is also a native of the State; and we have always contended, as we yet contend, that whenever North Carolina promotes and honors her own sons, she will have no difficulty in finding many, many of her children worthy of her care, and who will reflect upon her the honors conferred upon them. All communications, connected with the affairs of the Asylum, will in future be directed to Mr. Palmer.—*Standard*.

From a personal acquaintance with Mr. Palmer for several years, we are prepared to fully endorse the above from the *Standard*, as every way appropriate. We wish Mr. Palmer much success in his new position of responsibility and trust.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

TERMS.—Single subscriber, \$2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, \$18.50 each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

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Editorial Correspondence.

NORFOLK, VA., August 25th.

My Dear A.—My last to you was dated "Old Point;" but there I found very little to amuse, and my tour being more on business than pleasure, I did not tarry very long. I have spent some days in Norfolk, and am indebted to several friends for attentions in showing me around the city, and especially for the insight they gave me into the trade of the city. There is a very great difference between the first impression made upon a stranger's mind in casually observing the appearance of things, and in the reality as afterwards exhibited by an insight into the true condition of affairs.

Unlike Richmond, Norfolk is built immediately upon the River; her business houses standing far out upon the wharves, in the very midst of the waters. The shipping is done from the door, whether it be receiving goods from foreign ports, or re-shipping for the interior merchant and farmer.

Hence, the stir, the noise and the confusion of "a thousand and one" drays and wagons, which one meets with in Richmond, and which so strongly impresses upon the mind her immense trade, are not met with here, but all is quiet and apparently stagnant. A vessel is quietly reposing out in the middle of the river; there are one or two little flats or lighters tied to her, apparently for safety, and all seem to have nothing to do. But enquire of some commission merchant, or take a little boat and row out and observe; instead of idleness and nothing to do, these flats or lighters are loaded with thousands of bushels of corn, and are transferring their load to the schooner or ship, for a foreign trade. There is no noise, no display; but the trade is going on.

Nature has done enough for Norfolk, with the proper energy of her people, to have built up a southern metropolis, competing with New York. But unfortunately, as in nearly every other instance, where nature is so lavish, energy is wanting in the people to improve their advantages; and less favored localities, but possessing more driving energy, finally distance them far in population, trade, and wealth. Thus it is with the three towns of Norfolk, Petersburg, and Richmond. Norfolk possesses in location, ten times the advantages of Richmond or Petersburg, and yet they both surpass her in wealth and population; she is at a stand still, they are rapidly increasing.

In point of trade, Norfolk does comparatively little outside of the commission business, and this will never build up any place. It may make a few men rich, but it will never make a city. It is true there are a few very good jobbing houses, some, whose large stocks I examined with much pleasure; and some, also, I am pleased to say, were engaged in direct importation, and had been for thirty years, as their invoice books which they showed me, testified. The greatest deficiency at this time in the Norfolk jobbing trade, is the want of a large wholesale Dry Goods house; in other branches, Norfolk is very well represented, in fact in some excellent. This deficiency in Dry Goods, however, I am informed, will not exist much longer, as steps will be taken to open up a house in that branch of business on an equal footing with other branches of trade in this city. As offering very superior inducements in their trade, I will mention the houses of M. A. & C. A. Santos, Walke & Co., King & Toy, Druggists; Herman & Co., Boot and Shoe Manufacturers; W. H. C. Lovitt, Hat and Bonnet business; and E. P. Tabb & Co., dealers in Hardware. In these branches, country dealers will find superior inducements.

I met with our friend and townsman, Dr. James E. Lindsay, assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy. He is now on duty on the receiving ship Pennsylvania, anchored off in the river at the Gosport Navy Yard. He is delighted with the service, and is enjoying himself finely. He took me on board the Pennsylvania, where I spent an evening very pleasantly in examining the huge vessel, and in listening at the sweet strains of its excellent band. The band plays upon the upper deck three evenings in the week, and most generally the vessel is enlivened with the sweet smiles and cherry laughs of the fair of the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth; and the evening is spent in the merry dance. Thus in times of peace, passes the life of the gallant officers and marines, in the service of the U. S. Navy.

From the announcements previously made, I had anticipated the pleasure of hearing the distinguished Illinois Senator last night, but by some cause he did not reach the city. I am informed that he will arrive here this morning in the Baltimore steamer; but I have engaged passage on a steamer for Nags Head, which leaves half an hour before the Bay line steamer is due, and shall, therefore, miss seeing the "Little Giant" altogether.

Because there happened to be no other omnibus at the wharf, on the landing of the steamer, in which I came from Richmond, I have been domiciled, while in this city, at what is not reported to me as the cracked house; the "National" is said to be superior to the "Atlantic." As to that, not having tried the National, I

cannot say, but I can say the Atlantic is not equal to the Baker House, at Goldsboro; nor the Jarratt House, at Petersburg; nor the Columbian, at Richmond, at which houses I always stop, because they offer such superior fare and accommodations.

I leave this morning for Nags Head, and may find time to write you again from that place. Yours, C.

Nags Head, N. C., August 27th.

My Dear A.—As I promised, in my letter from Norfolk, to write you from this place, I suppose I must comply, though there is no telling when a letter will reach you from here, as there appears to be no post offices, nor regular mail routes through this section of country. The people are dependent upon the kindness of the captains of the various steamers that ply between this place and the outward world, for all their mail matter, either in receiving or transmitting. Hence, the denizens upon this sand bank know but little of the excitements and troubles in the busy world without. Perhaps this is well for a summer resort, a place of health. The mind is quiet; it has nothing to trouble or to perplex it. The never ceasing roar of the ocean makes melody sublime to soothe the restlessness of the spirit and to give cheerfulness to the mind, while the body is invigorated by the cool and refreshing breezes that blow across the briny waves.

Nags Head is nothing but a huge sand bank embraced in the county of Currituck, stretching along the Atlantic coast for many miles, separating the waters of the ocean from the Albemarle Sound. At this point, where quite a little village of summer residences have sprung up, the bank is about one mile wide, and is quite high, with here and there, sprinkling of scrubby growth. The hotel, kept by W. H. Happer, is located about midway between the Sound and the Ocean, and I am informed, when the hotel was first erected some years ago, it occupied the most elevated site, but such have been the accumulation of sand within a few years, that the banks tower up above in every direction. I have here the best view of the ocean, I have ever had at any point, and the surf bathing is exceedingly convenient and exhilarating, as well as a most exciting pastime. If I had time, I might say much more of the place, what I have seen and thought, but I leave in a few minutes on a steamer, bound for the Roanoke, via Elizabeth City, Edenton, and Plymouth. I shall thus be on a course homeward bound. I may have time to write you on the steamer, and say something of this part of the State, and especially its water navigation.

Yours, C.

—ON THE WING.

My Dear A.—My letter from Nags Head was written in great haste, and necessarily very short and unsatisfactory.

I left Norfolk on Saturday morning the 25th, at six o'clock, in the Currituck, a new steamer just built, intended for canal service, and named after the county with which it will have most to do. It is built and owned by a commission house in Norfolk, and is intended mostly for a freighting vessel, to ply between Norfolk and the waters of North Carolina adjoining Virginia, through the new Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal; though a few passengers may be accommodated during the Nags Head season, when it runs twice weekly between that place and Norfolk.

I have for many years had a very great anxiety to visit this section of North Carolina; a section almost totally cut off from any communication with the central and western portions of the state, its natural and almost only outlet being through Norfolk. The trade, the intercourse, the source of news, are all from and through Virginia; hence the feeling is very strongly Virginian, and they know much less than they ought, of their own state.

I am surprised to find such water navigation as North Carolina possesses. I have always been taught to believe she had none, or comparatively little. But the James River is not superior to the Roanoke, not to mention the numerous other navigable rivers in the state, that penetrate the interior for hundreds of miles. These waters have been, however, but little used; their immense volumes have rolled ceaselessly into the mighty ocean, bearing upon their bosoms comparatively little shipping. But a change is taking place; water navigation is being more highly appreciated; and the great blessings of nature are beginning to be applied with much greater spirit and energy.

The immense corn crops of eastern Carolina find a ready sale in Norfolk, and since the opening of this new canal, connecting that city with our sounds and rivers, lighters are plying regularly, bearing the agricultural products of our eastern farmers to a ready and profitable market. From Norfolk we reach the Albemarle Sound, first through the Elizabeth River, seven miles; from this river runs the canal eight miles, connecting with the North Lining River; this river we run for twenty miles, into Currituck Sound. Upon the banks of Currituck Sound stands Currituck Court House, a village composed of three families. The Sound is forty miles across, and is connected by a canal five miles long, with North River, which after a distance of fifteen miles, empties into the Albemarle Sound.

The Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal is now in use, though it is yet uncompleted. It is intended to be sixty feet wide, but it has been cut through only one half that width; numerous machines, however, are daily at work upon the other half, which will, at no very distant day, be completed, and thus will be formed an inland navigation, safe and commodious, free from the inconveniences and dangers of our in-

lets and capes. This navigation will give an easy and safe connection with the ocean for Newbern, Washington, Plymouth, or other sections of the eastern interior of the state, in connection with the Pamlico or Albemarle sounds, by rivers or railway.

I left Nags Head in the steamer John Styles, which runs regularly between that place and Hamilton, Martin county, on the Roanoke river, touching at Elizabeth City, Edenton and Plymouth. The officers of the John Styles are intelligent men, kind and attentive to their passengers. I have seldom had a more pleasant ride than the one on this steamer. The stops in Elizabeth City and Edenton were only long enough to enable me to get a hasty survey, sufficient to recognize them should I ever again chance to fall in that section; but not to learn much of their business. Elizabeth City has, within the last ten years, grown considerably, but of its present prospects I am not prepared to speak. Edenton is probably a place of less business, but presents a much prettier appearance. Some of the sites and residences were beautiful. At Plymouth I spent a night. The place is quite small, and apparently dull; yet there is considerable shipping done from this point. It has a small trade with the West Indies; and the United States has here a Custom House. With some capital and energy, quite a good and profitable trade might be built up here. But I have noticed through all this country, where fish were in abundance and men could live from the supplies of nature, there is a fearful wanting of energy and enterprise, to put to proper use the superior advantages furnished to their hands. It is said that occasionally a man all burning and blazing with zeal, locates in this section of country, intending to revolutionize the state of society; but in a few months his zeal burns up, his energy dies out, and he becomes as other men.

The Roanoke river is about thirty feet deep, steep banks and narrow channel, so that the steamer can land at almost any point, even in the woods. The greatest difficulty in its navigation is the exceedingly frequent and great curvatures. At present the steamer does not run higher than Hamilton, though there is plenty of water above this point. Lighters and flats run up as high as Weldon, and are loaded with wheat, corn, cotton, and naval stores. Of this latter, a vast amount is procured in the swamps adjoining the river. At frequent points upon its banks large quantities are piled up awaiting shipment.

For Hamilton, I think the future has much in store. At present it is a small village, with little capital; but from the indications, such as I saw there and in Tarboro, the destiny of the branch of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, which runs to Tarboro, is to be continued to this place; in which event, Hamilton will become a prosperous and thriving shipping port. The cotton and other produce of all this country will find its nearest and quickest course, like the duck to the water, for the water is its natural element. It will not so well bear rail road transportation, and will certainly not take such a course, so much to its disadvantage.

I came from Hamilton to Tarboro, a distance of twenty-two miles, by back, and thus had a good opportunity to observe the country. I have never seen a section of the state I was better pleased with. The land not only appears to be fertile, but the farmers show intelligence and a thorough acquaintance with their business—how to use what blessings they have bestowed upon them by nature, and how to increase their facilities. The swamps are numerous, but are being rapidly brought under cultivation, and to yield wealth to the hand of the diligent.

The Tarboro branch of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad has just commenced its regular operation, running an air line from Rocky Mount to Tarboro, a distance of about twelve or fifteen miles. The road, though short, is a great convenience, and will do much business. After making a flying trip to Beaufort and to Newbern, I should quickly follow this letter home. Until I again see you face to face, I am, Yours, C.

Educational.

The Guilford County Educational Association held its regular meeting in the court house on Saturday the 1st inst. A considerable number of Common School teachers were in attendance and some fifteen or twenty new members were admitted.

We are glad to see that the teachers of this county are taking more than ordinary interest in the means of improvement within their reach. The Association listened, with much pleasure as well as profit, to an extempore address, from Prof. Sterling, on the responsibility and duties of the teacher's office and the necessity of constant study and general improvement, on the part of those who would become successful and efficient instructors.

After the address from Prof. Sterling, Mr. S. H. Wiley, of Salisbury, who had previously consented to address the Association, at this meeting, made his appearance. And having been introduced, he read a well written and instructive Essay.

This being the second meeting of the Association, since its re-organization, it adopted a code of by-laws. And in compliance with the requirements of these by-laws, the President appointed a committee to secure speakers for the next meeting; and also a committee to report questions for discussion.

The question chosen for discussion at the next meeting is: "Would the introduction of other Studies, into our common schools, in addition to those now required by law prove bene-

ficial to the cause of general Education?"—As we write from memory these may not be the exact words of the question, but they embody its meaning.

The next regular meeting of the Association will be held on the Saturday of the week following our next county court, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Beaufort.

We have returned from our little rambling trip in time to say in this issue, we are again at our post, invigorated somewhat for renewed labor.

The last point we touched at was to spend a little time in Beaufort. This has been, we were informed, quite a lively season at Beaufort. The number of visitors has been larger by a great many, than during any previous year. Though much reduced, the crowd is yet quite large, and the rains are full both ways daily.

The Hotel accommodations at Beaufort are very good, especially at the Front St. House. This house does not make so much show upon first appearance, as its rival the Atlantic, but by trial it will be found to have larger and more pleasant rooms, and a much superior table. The rule of the proprietor is to let nothing pass his door that is good to eat, irrespective of price. This house is making a firm friend of every one that gives it a trial, and with such there will be no difficulty as to the stopping place on another visit to Beaufort. We made quite a short stay, but it was an exceedingly pleasant one.

While passing through Morehead City, we made a call at the "Atlantic Female School," and found it in full operation. It will, no doubt, be a flourishing school so soon as they have time to complete all the buildings and necessary arrangements.

The Election in North Carolina.

There are three regular Presidential tickets now in the field, and the campaign is beginning to be waged in earnest. There are two Democratic tickets, and the result will be, Bell and Everett will carry the State. The following are the tickets:

THE UNION TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

HON. JOHN BELL,

OF TENNESSEE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:

Hon. Geo. E. Badger, of Wake.

Dr. R. K. Speed, of Pasquotank.

DISTRICTS:

1st District,	J. W. Hinton.
2nd "	Chas. C. Clark.
3rd "	O. H. Dockery.
4th "	L. C. Edwards.
5th "	Alfred G. Foster.
6th "	Henry Walser.
7th "	Wm. P. Bynum.
8th "	Ted R. Caldwell.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

GOV. H. V. JOHNSON,

OF GEORGIA.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:

Robert P. Dick, of Guilford.

Duncan K. Mclae, of Craven.

DISTRICTS:

1st District,	Col. Sam'l. Watts.
2nd "	F. D. Koonce.
3rd "	D. McDougald.
4th "	H. W. Miller.
5th "	Col. John Morrison.
6th "	Dr. Thos. W. Kean.
7th "	Wm. R. Myers.
8th "	J. D. Hyman.

SECESSION DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,

OF KENTUCKY.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

GEN. JOSEPH LANE,

OF OREGON.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:

Alfred M. Seales, of Rockingham.

Ed. Graham Haywood, of Wake.

DISTRICTS:

1st District,	John W. Moore.
2nd "	Wm. B. Rodman.
3rd "	Wm. A. Allen.
4th "	A. W. Venable.
5th "	J. R. McLean.
6th "	
7th "	J. A. Fox.
8th "	John A. Dickson.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Messrs. Tappey & Lumsden's Foundry, and Machine Works, Petersburg, Va. We recently visited this Foundry, and spent some time very pleasantly in examining and looking on at the work. The proprietors are intelligent, industrious, persevering men, and merit public patronage.

MORE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

A meeting is to be held to-morrow at Leantown St. Mary's county in this State, to nominate Chief Justice Taney for President, and Justice Nelson, of New York, for Vice President.—*Baltimore Patriot* 31st ult.

